THE OTTAWA FREE TRADER.

OUR COUNTRY—HER COMMERCE—AND HER FREE INSTITUTIONS.

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RUSH MEDICAL COLLEGE.

To Daniel Brainard, M.D., *Professor*, &c.:

Dear Sir—I have just read your lecture introductory to the course of Anatomy and Surgery at the opening of the Rush Medical College, with great pleasure and deep interest. It conveyed to me the first intelligence that the call of the institution upon the citizens of Chicago for aid had been so successfully made, and that you were, in consequence, already supplied with the necessary chemical apparatus to open the institution in a manner so advantageous to the student and gratifying to its faculty.

As I am numbered among the oldest physicians in the northern part of the state, having now practised more than twenty years, I shall offer no apology for making thus publicly a few remarks respecting your infant institution and the profession generally. I hope they will not be considered untimed and misapplied, but received and read, by my professional brethren, with a spirit of candor and good will only equal to that in which they have been conceived. If so, they may prove not altogether useless.

When I look at the names of its officers and professors, I am at a loss to perceive how an institution, sustained, on the vestibule of its hopes, by so much talent and moral worth, can fail of success. But when I contemplate your lacustrine location, so advantageous for a dispensary in connection with the college; so central in, and easy of access from, all the vast and fertile region embracing within its limits Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, and Wisconsin, your remark that "*it must succeed*," loses all appearance of arrogant presumption, and seems fraught with the irresistible force of prophetic truth. Though other institutions have started and may, nay will hereafter arise in the surrounding country, yet "*it must succeed*," and not only succeed, but its "upward onward course will keep" in proud pre-eminence above them all; for there is no point, nor is it at all probable there ever will be, within the circumference of this vast region, that holds out such present or prospective advantages for such an institution, as Chicago. Therefore, to lay, at an early day, the sure foundations of the future growth and prosperity of the various scientific institutions as broadly and deeply as those of your city have been laid by the hand of nature, is a duty which the citizens of Chicago owe, not only to the rising generation spread over the states and territory above named, but, more especially, to themselves and their posterity. Its commanding location, and the rapidity of its future growth, will soon, nay *must*, command talents of the highest order to fill the chairs of the various professorships in all the important departments of science. And it requires no prophetic eye to foresee that the halls of such institutions, when once in operation, will be soon filled with the ambitious and aspiring youth of our country.

Having been opened under circumstances so auspicious, the Rush Medical College should receive—and I trust it will, as it will, no doubt, merit—the confidence and patronage of the profession throughout the west. It should be hailed, by the sick, as the bright harbinger of hope—by the public generally, as a beacon light, arising amidst the dark waste of professional intellect, destined to illumine the intricate pathway of the votaries of medical science—enlarge the sphere of their usefulness, and conduct them to honorable distinction and to professional eminence. Not only the citizens of Chicago and its immediate vicinity, but the public at large, throughout this and the adjacent states and territories, are deeply, vitally interested in sustaining such an institution at Chicago. Does any one doubt this, let him ask any intelligent, well educated physician or surgeon how often it becomes his melancholy duty to witness and deplore an untold amount of pain and suffering, and, sometimes, death itself, among his fellow mortels, as the result of improper treatment! If all who have been sent prematurely into the grave by the whole tribe of modern charlatans—by the fearfully long and black catalogue of patent nostrums, and by the unskilful in our own ranks—could speak from the tomb, it would appal the stoutest heart; and no one would question the interest of the public in sustaining such an institution, or assert that the country was not in want of well educated physicians and surgeons.

In confirmation of the above remarks, I will mention a case which occurred some twelve miles from this village last week. a respectable young man, aged about twenty, divided the anterior tibial artery with an axe, just above the malcolus externus. A physician, residing in the immediate neighborhood, was called in immediately, and applied a cord or some other ligature round the limb, and tightened it by twisting in a stick. Another physician was then sent for, who arrived some twenty-four hours after the accident, and applied a torniquet. The unfortunate man lived some six or eight hours after his arrival, and expired with the loss of blood. The artery was not tied, nor have I learned that an attempt was made to tie it.

I had just finished the perusal of your introductory when the above mentioned case was related to me by an esteemed medical friend; and the following extract, which I have taken the liberty to make from it, exhibits most forcibly, when contrasting it with the above case, the all-important interests the public have, individually and collectively, in patronising and sustaining good medical schools:—

"The health, the happiness, and the lives of your dearest friends, and your own, may, and will, some day depend upon the skill of some member of the medical profession. In a moment when least expected, some accident brings the object of your tender love to the verge of life. It is a wound; and while you, and all around you, are frantic with despair—while the tide of life is ebbing, the surgeon appears: calm amid the confusion, he places a ligature upon the bleeding vessel, and life is saved."

In view of such a melancholy case, with what justice and truth the following remark of the celebrated Dr. Cooper impresses the mind: "No man ought to be suffered to profess surgery who is not competent to the treatment of wounded arteries, whether injured by accident or in surgical operations." The practice of physic is quite as lamentable as that of surgery, although its errors are not so easily discerned by the public.

Would it not be well for those members of the profession who feel themselves incompetent to perform such surgical operations as admit of no delay, to either publicly disclaim the practice of surgery, or seek further information from the opportunity now offered, near at hand, by the Rush Medical College? The doors of that institution, like all others with which I have been acquainted, will, doubtless, be opened gratuitously to all regular licentiates in the profession. Let no one suppose that such a course would be derogatory to his professional reputation. On the contrary, he could do nothing so well calculated to advance his own interest as well as that of the public, and establish his professional reputation upon a secure and lasting foundation. The bare idea of being a common-place, plough-jogging, money-catching physician or surgeon—*feeling within himself*, (whatever may be the public opinion of him) incompetent to discharge, in a skilful manner, the important trusts committed to his charge, and which he *professes* to understand, where the life of a fellow being is at stake, must, to the ennobled and philanthropic mind, be *most insufferable*.

You say, "The profession must look within itself for the energy and spirit that are to raise it from its present state of depression to one of comparative intelligence and respectability," &c. This is very true. And, in aid of effecting so desirable an object, may I not suggest that, as in theology none who do not possess paramount piety and talent ought to be encouraged to quit the humble but useful walks in life and exalt themselves to the high places in Zion; so in medicine, no one who does not possess a judgment clear and strong, quick perception, good discriminating powers of mind, and untiring industry, should be encouraged, by any member of the profession, to take upon himself the great responsibilities of becoming either a physician or surgeon. Such a course, generally pursued by the profession, would, in time, do more to elevate the standard of professional skill and intelligence, in my humble opinion, than any thing else, except good medical schools. For, whatever may have been the opportunities and reading of the physician, if, when he comes to the bedside of the sick, he lacks judgment, and fails in ascertaining the true character of the disease, his prescriptions will be mere guess-work. They *may* do good, but, in nine times in ten, they will be more likely to do harm; and, should the patient recover, it would be a fortunate escape from the injurious effects of the medicine, while the physician, in his honest simplicity, would congratulate himself and his patient on having effected a wonderful cure.

That the Rush Medical College, if properly patronized and well conducted, will "widen the difference between the medical profession and charlatans of every description," there can be no doubt. And there is just as little that it will, in time, in a great measure, disrobe quackery of its sophistry, strip from error its massy covering, and rend the veil of credulity which obscures the public discernment in regard to medicine, by which the dignity of our science has been so long degraded, and the most valuable labors of its enlightened votaries so often confounded with empiricism, while ignorance has stalked through the land, arrogating the prescriptive right of delivering its oracles amid all the triumphs of truth and the progress of philosophy.

With many thanks for the numerous tokens of your kind regard sent me in the shape of periodicals, &c., please accept the assurance of my high esteem and consideration, while

I have the honor to remain,
Dear sir,
Your friend and servant,
A. H. HOWLAND.

Ottawa, Jan. 10, 1844.

From the Dublin Nation.

BIDE YOUR TIME.

Bide your time!—the morn is breaking
Bright with Freedom's blessed ray—
Millions from their trance awaking,
Soon shall stand in stern array.
Man shall fetter man no longer,
Liberty shall march sublime:
Every moment makes you stronger—
Firm, unshrinking, bide your time!

Bide your time—one false step taken
Perils all you yet have done;
Undismayed—erect—unshaken,
Watch and wait, and all is won.
Tis not by one rash endeavor
Men and states to greatness climb;
Would you win your rights forever,
Calm and thoughtful, bide your time!

Bide your time: your worst transgression
Were to strike, and strike in vain:
He whose arm would smite oppression
Must not need to smite again!
Danger makes the brave man steady—
Rashness is the cowards crime;
Be for Freedom's battle ready,
When it comes—but bide your time!

NEW BOOTS.

"These boots were never made for me,
They are too short by half.
I want them long enough, d'ye see,
To cover all the calf."

"Wait, sir," said last, with stifled laugh,
"To alter them I'll try;
But if they cover ALL *the calf*,
They must be *six feet high*!"

From the N. York Commercial Advertiser.

From Oregon.

We have before us a long and interesting letter from a gentleman belonging to the Methodist mission in Oregon, from which we make the following extracts:

I am stationed at the Willamette Falls. This is a rather romantic spot, yet many things conspire to render it rather pleasant than otherwise. Its advantages for water power are very little if any exceeded by those at Rochester. There are at this place now a cooper's shop, two small stores established, this season, by two Americans, named Briggs. One is to be permanent, if circumstances will justify. It is established by Mr. Cushion, of Newburyport, Mass. I understand he takes a deep interest in the affairs of Oregon. We have two mission buildings.

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A saw mill is raised, and a flouring mill is in contemplation by a milling company, formed in the country for the purpose of improvement.—The Hudson Bay Company have two houses for their convenience. So that we have quite a village.

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What of the climate, water, soil, timber—in a word, advantages and disadvantages of Oregon, and what encouragement does the country hold out to emigrants? The climate is mild, the summers generally fine, though in the middle of the day rather warm. The nights are cool, and very little rain in the summer. This summer, however, we have been favored with some rain; it has been difficult to secure the harvest; not much, however, will be lost. This is a prolific season here; crops are very good.

There are probably fifty or more thousand bushels of produce in the country this year. Last year the Hudson Bay Company shipped, probably, 20,000 to the Russian dominions and other places, at sixty cents per bushel.—The winters are generally rainy, though there is some pleasant weather, sometimes a little snow. Cattle, however, keep fat all winter, without foddering. This is destined to be one of the best grazing countries in the world.—There are now large herds of cattle here, and more are annually being driven from California. Beef and pork are becoming abundant. Beef 5 to 6 cents per pound, pork 7 to 10 cents, wheat 60 cents to one dollar, peas about the same; corn is scarce, $1 to $1.50 per bushel. Garden vegetables are also raised. Horses are numerous. I know of no country where there are so many cattle and horses for the population as in Oregon. Some Indians are said to own one hundred and fifty head of horses.

This summer there have been six or seven droves by my house to the settlement, to exchange for cattle. These are mostly from the upper country These Indians will soon be rich in cattle, &c. There are domestic animals, such as I have already mentioned, and cats, dogs, and hens: no tame geese, or very few, though there are thousands wild; also the swan, bald and gray eagle, vulture, buzzard, the crow of different kinds, fish-hawk, pigeon hawk, owl, black bird, robin, wren, and various kinds of other birds; some of which I have never seen in the states. We have the elk, deer, bear, panther, fox, racoon, wild cat, wolf, squirrels of different kinds, rats, (bushy tail) mice, moles, beaver, otter, muskrat, mink, weasel, snakes, rattle snakes in some places, adder, lizards and creeping and flying locusts of various kinds and colors. Water is abundant and good.

The streams are generally clear as crystal; some, which rise in the mountain of perpetual snow, are cold all summer. There are several snow mountains in view from almost every point, and greatly, in my opinion, add to the beauty and grandeur of the country. The soil is generally good, some dark loam mixed with clay, some sandy, gravel, red soil; all produce very well so far as they have been tried. Wheat is sowed here after wheat from year to year.—One man, it is said, has raised seven or eight crops of wheat in succession from the same ground, and the last is said to have been the best, and all were good. It is frequently the case, when wheat shells considerably in harvesting, what falls is left on the ground and a good crop is realized. I know of no country were a man can make a farm easier than in Oregon, or where he can live easier.

Mills are rather scarce, though the prospect is increasingly favorable. There are no regularly laid out roads; the general mode of traveling is on horse-back, or by canoes. The prospect of commercial intercourse with the Sandwich Island and China is good. The Sandwich Islands are destined to be to the western world, what the West Indias are to the the United States. We obtain sugar and molasses from these, nearly, or quite as cheap as they can be afforded in the states. It is only abot sixty days sail from China, and fifteen or twenty to the Islands.

Slavery.—This has existed from time immemorial. The stronger tribes war on the weaker, take them prisoners and enslave them. These are frequently taken to other parts of the country, and sold to other tribes. Such has been the case this week. A large party of the Clamoth tribe, fierce and warlike, from the south, came in with about twenty slaves, and sold most or all of them. Some, I was informed, were sold for three horses each, some cheaper. Slaves are not considered filicum, that is, people, but as dogs. They do the principal part of the work and drudgery, and when they die are cast out among the bushes without burial, and are devoured by wild beasts. Hence human bones are scattered far and wide, and are numerous in some parts of the country. Slaves generally are as well or better clad than their masters, and as to food fare equally as well; but the epithet elita slave—is fixed upon them never or seldom to be removed. In some instances they obtain their freedom. Many of the settlers both French and American, buy and sell slaves. By these most of the work of the farmer is done. Will not some government notice this? Are not the laws of the Union strict on the subject of enslaving Indians.

Of the disposition of the dead.—This differs in different tribes. Those among whom I labor invariably bury the head to the East. If they can be procured, the body is snugly wrapped in two or three new blankets or skins—elk, deer or buffalo—with a quantity of bread and other trinkets. They generally bury the same day the individual dies, unless the death occurs in the afternoon. In such case the body is placed in the burial place, some distance from the ground, by means of a pole which is fastened with withes lengthwise of the body; this is placed on other sticks set up, crossed and tied near the top. In this situation it remains till morning, when a grave is dug, in depth to the hips, by women, or slaves, with sharp sticks and their hands. Latteraly, however, they have a hoe and a shovel, so that the body lies about a foot or a little more below the surface, and is not unfrequently taken out by wild beasts. I saw a grave where a person had been recently buried, which had been dug open, and the flesh nearly all torn from the bones; the bones, however, not much disarranged.

I spoke to the Indian whose wife she was, to cover the bones, but he said, 'No make close it is not good.' They are very fearful in reference to the dead. A few days after, the carcass, I believe was entirely removed. The reason they assign for burying in the morning is, that if they bury in the afternoon another person will soon die. If a person dies at sunrise, they bury sometimes within an houre, or even half an hour, and no doubt in some instances bury alive. Brother Frost infomed me that at Clatsop's, his sation they actually did bury one man alive. Though remonstrated with, bury him they would, and did. At my station we have made boxes for them, when called on, and directed them to be buried deeper.

Other tribes have houses for the dead, and persons appointed to attend to them. It is said that when the skins become old and tender, in which the individual is wrapped, they are removed, and the bones placed in new ones.—Others deposit the dead in canoes on the banks of the river or islands. The shore of the Columbia river in many places is thickly covered with canoes at high-water mark. Others place their dead in crotches of trees, while others bury in a sitting posture. And others formerly and probably in many cases yet, burn the dead.

From the Democratic Review.

Original Anecdotes of Washington.

During a protracted sojourn in the Old Dominion, immediately subsequent to the year 1820, I once took a leisurely tour to Mount Vernon, and then to the birth-place and other scenes of the early life of Washington, for the purpose not only of gratifying my feelings by viewing places hallowed by the memory of a man whose name and deeds had, from my childhood, occupied so much space in my mind, but also to see what new incidents connected with his private character might yet be gleaned among the old inhabitants who had personally known him. And it was in this ramble, made interesting and pleasant from the nature of its object, and the attentions of the most hospitable people on earth, that I fell in with a venerable and highly intelligent relative of Washington, whom I soon found to be, from having lived much in the General's family, and acted for some years as his private secretary, a rich depository of what I was anxious to learn: and from him I obtained, among many others that less interested me, the following reminiscences, which, I believe, have never been published, but which may nevertheless be relied on as minutely correct.

'On one of Washington's return visits to Moun Vernon, while commander-in-chief of the revolutionary armies,' said my informant, whom I shall call Capt. ., 'he came to Fredericksburgh to pay his respects to his aged mother. And when about to take his leave of her, he brought in a small bag of silver dollars, and placing them on the table before, said:

"'Here, mother, not knowing when I may be permitted to visit you again, I have brought you these, to be used by you as your comforts shall require, or as your pleasure shall dictate. And I hope you will be free to accept and use it."

"'You were always good and dutiful to me, George," replied she with emotion; "and I have often taxed myself, in your absence of late years, with being backward in making suitable acknowledgments to you, and resolved within myself, that when I next saw you, I would have a more familiar talk with you, and tell you how much I think of your kind—very kind attentions. But it has always happened, that when I again found myself in your presence, the thought of your elevation by your countrymen, or something else, which I cannot define, has prevented me from talking to you, as I should to my *other* children."

'Washington attempted some playful reply, but could not succeed in disarming even his mother of the awe which his presence never failed to inspire in the bosoms of all who approached him.

'Washington, while in the army, was known to be exceedingly careful of human lives; and he applied the principle to the brute creation, by abstaining from the destruction of all animals, however inferior, whenever it could be done consistently with the safety and absolute wants of man, with unusual scrupulousness. As I was once walking with him over the grounds of Mount Vernon, a small snake of a harmless species, appered in our path. I instinctively lifted my heel to crush it; when he instantly caught my arm, and in a tone of earnest expostulation, exclaimed:

"'Say, sir! Is there not room enough in the world for you and that harmless little reptile? Remember, that life is all—everything to the creature, and cannot be unnecessarily taken without indirectly impugning its Creator, who bestowed it to be enjoyed, with its appropriate pleasures, thro' its natural term of existence.'

'The same system and order which was exhibited by Washington in all his public transactions, was seen in all his private acts and domestic arrangements; even his charaties, which were not stinted, were nicely systematized. It was his custom, in years of plenty, to hoard up grain against times of scarcity. And when such times arrived, he threw open his store-house to the poor; and however irresponsible they might be, he always made it a point to supply them in preference to others with all the grain they needed at the old or ordinary prices, for which he regularly took their bonds or notes, but never demanded payment.

'Some writers, in treating of the private character of Gen. Washington, intimate that he was a man of warm temper, which would often have exhibited itself but for his great self-command. His self command was undoubtedly great, but I do not think he had often to exercise it to prevent any outbreaks of passion. On the contrary, I believe him to have been mild, and not easily ruffled; certainly quite as much so as men in general. I never saw him angry but once in my life. And this was considered so remarkable a thing by myself, as well as his family, that although we knew he had good cause to be provoked, or such at least as would have provoked most other men to anger, we were yet greatly surprised, and looked upon it as quite an anomaly in the General's life. It happened while he was President and travelling in his carriage, with a small retinue of outriders, from Mt. Vernon to Philadelphia. It was during the first day of our journey, and we were passing through the barrens of Maryland; where, at intervals of a few miles, the solitude of the road was relieved at that time by a set of low taverns or groggeries, at which we did not think of stopping. But we had a thoughtless young man in our train, who by favor had been admitted into the family as a sort of gentleman attendant, and who seemed much more inclined to patronize these places. The General, by his request had permitted him to ride a favorite young mare which he had raised on his plantation, and of which he was exceeding careful, the animal being almost as slight in proportions as a roebuck, and very high-spirited.

But the young fellow, notwithstanding the intimations he had received at starting to deal gently with her, appeared bent on testing her speed and other qualities, and that too in a manner little likely to meet with favor in a man of Washington's high sense of propriety. He would leave the train, and riding up to one of these liquoring establishments, there remain till we were out of sight; when he would come up upon the run, ride with us awhile, and gallop on forwaad to the next. This he repeated three times, the last of which brought the mettlesome creature to a foam and evidently much fretted her. At the first transgression thus committed against the General's orders respecting the mare, as well as against his known sense of propriety, he seemed surprised, looking as if he wondered at the young man's temerity, and contented himself with throwing after him a glance of displeasure. At the second, he appeared highly incensed, although he said nothing, and repressed his indignation, acting as if he thought this must be the last offence, for the punishment of which he chose a private occasion. But as the offender rode up the third time, Washington hastily threw open the carriage window, and asking the driver to halt, sharply ordered the former along-side; when with uplifted cane, and a tone and emphasis which startled all, and made the culprit shrink and tremble like a leaf, he exclaimed, "Look you, sir! Your conduct is unsufferable! Fall in behind there, sir; and as sure as you leave us again, I will break every bone in your skin!"

'It is needless, I presume, to say, that the offence was not repeated, or that the young gallant needed any more taming.

'Here,' said Capt. L., now taking from a drawer and handing me for inspection a deed of Washington's drafting, so singularly brief as to be all embraced in seven or eight lines written in a bold hand across a half-sheet of short foolscap, yet constituting, though not one word could have been spared, a conveyance of real estate to the grantee and heirs, which, as far as could be perceived, was perfectly legal; 'Here is a deed of a plantation from Gen. Washington to me, which I show you, not only as a curiosity of itself, but for the sake of introducing the pleasant little incident out of which it originated. Soon after leaving, the General's employment, I chanced to be riding through the interior of Virginia, when I came across a deserted plantation, the situation and general appearance of which, though overrun with weeds and bushes, yet pleased me so much, that I took the first opportunity to make some inquiries concerning its ownership, &c., and was told that it was supposed to belong to Gen. Washington. The night after I reached home, I went to sleep thinking of this plantation, and wondering that I, who supposed I knew all Washington's lands, never heard of it before: when I happened, I know not why, to dream that the General made a present of it to me.

The next day, as it further happened, I rode over to Mount Vernon, the General being then at home. After attending to the more immediate object of my visit, I asked him if he owned such a plantation as the one I had seen, now describing it to him. At first he replied in the negative, but soon rising and going to consult a book in which he kept a record of all his deeds, he said he did own the tract of land, but though of value, he had entirely overlooked it for some years.

"'Well, General," said I banteringly, "I dreamed last night that you gave me that plantation."

'Washington, contrary to his usual habit, laughed outright, and observed,

"'You did not dream Mount Vernon away from me, did you?"

"'O no, I was not so grasping as that, tho' I honestly had the dream," I replied in the same vein of pleasantry; when nothing more being said, the affair on my part passed from my mind as a joke, and was forgotten. It seemed however, that my dream was not so vain a one as I had supposed; for the next morning, as I was taking my leave, the General dropped a folded paper into my hat, carelessly remarking that I could examine it at some leisure opportunity. I did so, and to my great agreeable surprise, found it to be this very deed, made out, probably, after I had retired the night before, and conveying as you perceive, for the consideration of natural affection, the valuable plantation I had discovered." D. P. T.

Spare minutes are the gold dust of time; and Young was writing a true, as well as a striking line when he affirmed that—"Sands made the mountains, and moments made the year." The spare minutes are the most fruitful, in good or evil. —They are gaps through which temptations find the easiest access to the garden.

Bustles were originally invented by a travelling organ grinder, to accommodate her monkey with a place to ride.